

THE
FATHER
OF THE

CITY of *EUTOPIA*,

OR THE

Surest Road to RICHES.

BEING

A NARRATIVE of the remarkable
LIFE and ADVENTURES
of an elevated BEAR.

Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream.

Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. *Wm. P—*, Esq;



L O N D O N :

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T O T H E

Rt. Hon. *W----* *P***, Esq;

AS you, at present, afford Matter of Eployment for the Wits and Pens of a great many Writers, I know not any One to whom I can more properly dedicate the following Sheets than yourself.

I would not have you think I flatter you, in hopes of a Present : I assure you, I entertain no such Hopes, but what I say to you, proceeds from the same disinterested Affection which the rest of your generous Countrymen bear you, out of a deep Sense of the many invaluable Blessings they have received from your late (tho' short) wise and prudent Admi——n.

But Your many excellent Virtues and Qualifications give me such a Field to expatiate in, that,

iv D E D I C A T I O N.

were I to mention them, I am afraid it would look too much like Flattery, or Irony ; therefore I omit to speak of your indefatigable Pains for the Good of your Country : I pass over your wise Schemes and prudent Measures : I say nothing of your private Virtues, which your intimate Friends are best acquainted with : I acknowledge myself quite unfit to celebrate your Praise, but leave that to be undertaken by more able Hands.

If this Performance has but the Honour of kissing your Hands, I shall be fully satisfied for my Trouble, and think that I have not wrote in vain.

To conclude; that your Virtues and great Merits may, for the future, meet with the Reward they deserve, is the hearty Prayer of every honest *Englishman*, and of none more, than,

S I R, &c.

C. C.



THE
SUREST ROAD
TO
RICHES, &c.



ONE Evening I happened to
meet with a Book called *Vi-
sions in Verse*; and being at
that Time in an indolent Hu-
mour, I sat down and read
therein, till I went to Bed. In my Sleep,
my Imagination, revolving over some of
the Passages I had been reading, pre-
sented, me with the following Dream.

B

Methought

Methought I was in a Field near a Country Village, and while I was looking round me, I saw a Man come into the Field, and throw himself down upon a Bank, crying out, *What shall I do ! Oh, what shall I do !* And methought I saw a Man running with all Speed towards a great Road, where there were many Travellers, and I observed that there was a narrow Lane which turned out of the great Road on the Right-hand : It was called *Virtue-Lane*. At the Entrance of it, there stood a Man named *Truth*, and he went up to all the Passengers that came by, and told them, saying, This is the Way to *Happiness*, and they did not mind him ; but went on their Way. Some, indeed, looked down the Lane, but not liking it, they kept on where they were. When *Badman* (for that was his Name) came up to him, he asked him, where he was going ? *Badman* replied, He could not well tell ; but that he had heard of a delicious Place called *Greatness-Hill*, abounding with every good Thing ; and that he had a great Desire to reach thither. *Greatness-Hill*, said *Truth*, is a desirable Place, if a Traveller arrive at it by the Road of *True Merit* ; but it is a little difficult, and few aim to go that Way, But come along with me, and I will shew you the Way.

So *Badman* followed *Truth* a very little Way, but was soon tired with the Ruggedness thereof; for it had been long disused; and asked *Truth* if there was not a nearer and easier Way to *Greatness-Hill*? *Truth* answered and said, There was, and it was called *Vice-Road*; but no Traveller, who valued his Reputation, cared to be seen to go that Way; for it was the Road that all Pick-pockets and Highway-men, and People who had neither Regard for Honour or Conscience, took. Surely, said *Badmen*, that or any Road must be better than this; for my Feet have never been used to such a Road as this. Have Patience, Man, said *Truth*; the Way will mend upon us anon, and you'll like it when you're used to it. But, said *Badman*, I love Company of all Things; and I see not one living Soul in this Road, but you and me. Peace, Man, said *Truth*, are we not then sure to have it all to ourselves, and need not fear being jostled into a Ditch? But this was once the only Way, I'll assure you.

Now I observed, that what was remarkable in this Road was, that it appeared, and was to Strangers, very rough, slippery, and uneasy to travel; but to

those who were used to, and well acquainted with it, it was quite smooth and pleasant. The former *Badman* more and more experienced as he proceeded, and again complained of it to his Guide; but *Truth* told him, if he would but have Patience to hold out to the End of the Journey, he would not think his Pains too much. Besides, said he, it will seem easier and Pleasanter, when you have walked some Time in it. I wish I may find it so, said *Badman*, for I think it is the worst Road I was ever in my Life. So he went on slipping and stumbling, till he came to a Hill called *Honesty*, which he made several faint Efforts to get to the Top of, but in vain; for it required more Pains than he was willing to take; for he seemed not to like the Soil, tho' it was very pleasant to the Eye; and not so difficult to several others, as to him; for then he came in Sight of more Company, but such as he cared not to enter into Conversation with; and they went up the Hill with a great deal of Pleasure. Among whom was Mr. *Worthy*, Mr. *Patriot*, Mr. *Good-man*, Mr. *No-bribe*, Mr. *Honest-man*, Mr. *Vote-right*, and several others. *Badman*, however, tho' he would not take the Pains, was vexed to be left behind, and falling
into

into a Passion, swore he would go no further, and turned his Back to go out of the Lane. Nor could all the Persuasions of *Truth* get him to go on. So *Truth* left him, and, I believe, never came near him afterwards. And I observed that tho' he stumbled and slipped so often as he went forward, yet he returned back with much more Ease and Satisfaction the same Way, than he advanced ; and methought he soon got out of *Virtue Lane* : And then coming in Sight of *Vice-Road*, What a Fool was I, said *Badman*, to let a Fellow lead me by the Nose, I know not whither, thro' a rough troublesome Road, when here is such a fine pleasant Way, and so much good Company as there seems to be ? I am resolved I will not be put out of my Way again by such empty Assurances.

So he walked on till he came up with two Gentlemen, named Mr. *Prodigal* and Mr. *Proudman*, who were travelling the same Way : Your Servant, Gentlemen. Your Servant, Sir, said they again. Pray, Gentlemen, where does this Road lead to ? It goes to *Greatness-Hill*, Sir ; but why that Question ? Sure you must know whither you are going. Indeed, said *Badman*, I always delighted
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in the Description of the Place ; but I never knew the direct Road to it ; tho' I would do any thing in the World to get at it. O ! Sir, said they, this is the only Way ! We are bound thither ourselves, and should be glad of your Company. I humbly thank you, Gentlemen ; and embrace your Offer with all my Heart. So they went on, talking of one thing or another, and what a fine Place they were going to, 'till they began to grow more intimate, and then they opened themselves without Reserve, as to the Reason of their undertaking the Journey.

For my Part, said Mr. *Prodigal*, what with Gaming, Whoring, and other Extravagancies, I have consumed almost all my Estate, and if I don't succeed in this Journey, I shall be thrown into a Gaol ; but I believe there is no Fear of succeeding, for my Friend, Sir *Timothy Take-bribe*, who was in my Case before he went to *Greatness*, has made a good Hand of it there ; and he tells me, that if a Man will but work hard, and not boggle at small Difficulties, he need not fear : And let me alone for Industry, for I'll do any Thing I am set about, be it ever so dirty Work, provided I am well paid for it.

That's

That's not my Case, said Mr. *Proudman* ; I have as good an Estate as any of my Neighbours, but am vexed to see a parcel of upstart Blockheads in my Neighbourhood, called *my Lord*, &c. and go strutting about with Badges on their Sides, like *Charity-Children*. I am as good as any of them, and am resolved to be as great, if possible. If I could but get a Title and a Necklace, I should be satisfied ; I wou'd do any Thing to get them.

They are pretty Things, indeed, said *Badman* ; but I want to get something to live upon. Thus they went on communing, till they came to a Place where a Path turned out of the high Road on the Left-hand ; at the End of which there stood a Way-Post, with these Lines on it, in Sight of a sumptuous Castle :

*The weary Traveller, up this Lane,
Queen Vice doth kindly entertain.*

Prodigal and *Proudman*, said, That for their Parts, they were in Haste, and would not go out of the direct Road upon any Account. But *Badman*, who was very much fatigued with his Journey ;

ney, having wearied himself very much in following *Truth*, and in attempting to pass *Honesty-Hill*, said, That though he had been once led out of the Way, he had a great Mind to try the Hospitality of the People of the Castle (for it seems he always loved good Cheer) and that he was unable to go any farther without resting, and as the Path seemed a good Path, he was resolved to go.

So bidding them Good-by, he parted with them, and went up the Lane. They called after him to come back, for they liked his Company ; but he stopped his Ears with his Fingers, and ran as hard as he could : So when they found it was in vain to call to him, they said he was a Fool, and went on their Way ; and I saw no more of them for that Time.

And I saw that *Badman* had by this Time got to the Gate, at which he knocked heartily. The Porter asked, Who's there? A poor Traveller to *Greatness* (said *Badman*) who having heard of the Fame of the Lady of this Castle for hospitable Entertainment of Strangers, begs to be admitted. So the Porter let him in, and conducted him into a great Hall, where sat the Queen, whose Name was

was *VICE*. She was seated on a Throne of Gold, richly adorned with all Manner of precious Stones, and was attended upon by *Avarice*, *Envy*, *Discord*, and *Falskood*, and was distributing Favours to those who served her well.

Behind the Throne, I saw a meagre Person endeavouring to conceal himself from the Company, which he did so well, that very few of them saw him at that Time: By his Figure I knew him to be *Death*; he had in his Hands Ropes, Axes, Daggers; &c.

When the Queen saw *Badman*, she asked him, Who he was? whence he came? and whither he was bound? He answered, His Name was *Badman*; that he came from the Country of —, and was going to *Greatness-Hill*; but having heard of her hospitable Entertainment of Travellers, he desired to be lodged there that Night. She asked him, If he was willing to serve her? and would be listed as one of her faithful Soldiers? He answered and said, he was very willing, and hoped for her royal Passport to *Greatness-Hill*. Upon which he was tendered the Oaths, which he took. She then told him, She would

C well

well reward him if he was diligent in her Service; which he promised to be. Then she had an elegant Supper prepared for her new Guest, and all Sorts of Wine and Musick; when, after having supped, he was conducted to his Chamber, where he lodged that Night.

Being desirous of making Haste on his Journey, he rose early, and went to take his Leave of the Queen, who was also, unlike most Ladies, an early Riser: But she told him, He must not go till he had seen the Curiosities of her Palace.

The first Place she led him into, was the *Library*, wherein were contained, in several Volumes, the Registers and Records of all the Men who had made themselves famous at *Greatness-Hill*, by their Diligence in the Service of Queen *Vice*; some of these were always read to Strangers: That, which was read to *Badman*, happened to be the Chronicle of the Transactions of several of the Family of the *Badmen*, to whom he was nearly related.

As soon as the Queen knew he was descended in a right Line from a Family that had always well served her, she was mightily

mightily pleased, and, recommending to him the Example of his renowned Predecessors, told him, That she foresaw he would be a Great Man. These Words were very grateful to *Badman*, who was naturally ambitious, and encouraged him in the Difficulties he afterwards met with.

She than took down a Roll of Parchment, which she said contained Instructions for his Journey up *Greatness-Hill*, which she read to him.

As near as I can remember, some of them were little short Sentences, such as, *Stick at nothing. Get Money, my Son. Interest is above Duty. Self is better than one's Country. Look not back. Take Bribes, and communicate, & multum aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*

She then asked his Opinion of them? He said, He very much approved of them, and would strictly follow them. So he took the Roll, and put it up carefully in his Bosom.

She then led him into the Armoury, where she equipped him with the Cap of *Assurance*, the Shield of *Craftiness*, and a

Golden Spear: These, she told him, would be of great Service to him in the rest of his Pilgrimage, and to enable him to perform what was contained in the Roll.

She then took him into the *Store-house*, where there was great Variety of curious Machines and Instruments, for the Use of Chief Ministers, particulary *Grid-irons*, *Sponges*, *Cups* and *Balls*, *Hocus-Pocus Wands*, and other juggling Instruments: Also several Bags full of little Pictures set in Gold, and a great Number of pretty showy Things called *Golden Promises*; tho' I observed that these last had several Cracks and Flaws in them. These, *Vice*, told him, when he had got to the Top of the Hill, he would have great Occasion for, and, she would take Care he should have them; but as yet he had no Need of them.

Thus having seen all the Curiosities of the Palace, he took his Leave of the Queen, and proceeded on his Journey.

After he had gone a considerable Way, without meeting with any Thing particular, he at last came to a Place, in the middle of the Road, where there was

a Well, and by it lay a monstrous *Dragon*, called *Conscience*, who assaulted every one that attempted to go by, and would not let any body come near the Well. As soon as he saw *Badman*, he rous'd himself up, and stared furiously upon him, as if he would devour him. *Badman*, at Sight of this, was terribly frightened, and began to wish himself safe in his own Country again. He was afraid to go either forward or backward; which the Dragon perceiving, made up to him. *Badman* was just going to fly, when he happened to cast his Eye on an Inscription which was upon the Well, in these Words.

Drink of this Well, which *Conscience* here
doth keep,
For *Gold* or *Wine* will make this *Dragon*
sleep.

Upon this, *Badman*, trusting to his *Golden Spear*, began to take Heart, and put himself in a Posture of Defence, when the Dragon began to attack him. The Fight was dreadful to behold; the Dragon vomiting out Fire and Brimstone, which almost suffocated *Badman*; and with a Sting which he had in his Tail, gave him several Wounds, which put him to much Pain.

Badman

Badman could not for a long Time order it so, as to touch his Enemy with his Golden Spear, his Body being armed over with impenetrable Scales, which made his Strokes recoil. But at last, observing a Place under one of his Wings, which seemed penetrable, he made a Thrust at him, and touched him to the Quick. The Dragon soon found the Effect of the Golden Touch, and began to decline the Combat; which *Badman* suffering him to do, he quietly laid himself down by the Well, and fell fast asleep. *Badman* then went to the Well, and drew up some of the Water, and took a hearty Draught, which he had no sooner done, than he found himself quite easy and pleasant, his Wounds were cured, and he had got rid of the few Remains of several Troublesome Doubts and Objections, which had, till then, at Times, made him dull and thoughtful; and being now lightened of all his Cares, and the Dragon in a profound Sleep, never likly to disturb him more, he began to plot and lay Schemes for climbing up the *Hill of Greatness*, and how to behave himself when there. And so he went on the rest of his Journey very merrily, till upon putting his Hand into his Bosom, to feel for his Roll, he missed it.

This

This made him take on very heavily ; and despairing of Success in his Journey without it, he presently conjectured, that he must have dropped it in his Fight with the Dragon *Conscience*, and therefore made all the Haste he could back to the Well ; and there, to his great Joy, he saw his Roll lie, and the Dragon fast asleep, as he had left him. He ran and took it up, and put it carefully into his Bosom again, and went on his Way, rejoicing and singing,

*Success, I find, does all my Ways attend,
O ! may it do so, to my Journey's End.*

Thus he went on, till he came to the Foot of *Greatness Hill*, from whence the Summit appeared very beautiful.

Now the *Hill* being very steep, there were several Benches for Passengers to rest upon, and by each of them stood a Tree which bore *Golden Fruit*, some less, some more ; though I observed, the nearer the Trees were to the Top of the Hill, the more loaded they were with Fruit. On the Top of the Hill there stood a great House, which I understood was the Governor's ; near it there was a great Orchard or Plantation of these Sort of Trees, which were all of them heavy loaden with Fruit.

Now

Now the Fruit looked very tempting, and there was great Crowds of People standing at the Foot of the Hill, who longed to taste the Fruit; among these was *Badman*, who drawing nearer to the Hill, found there was a great miry dirty Slough between the Travellers and the Hill, through which lay the only Road to the Hill. Now this Slough was called the *Slough of Preferment*. And I observed, that at certain Times, those Persons who had even passed the Slough, and rested upon the Benches, came down from their Seats with the chief Servant to do *dirty Work* for him in the *Slough*.

Badman longed to be moving up the Hill; so he pulled his Roll out, and read something to himself, and then called to the chief Servant, and desired to be admitted to do *dirty Work* for him in the *Slough*; who granted him Leave. He then, without Delay, boldly stepped in, and was up to his Knees in Mire, the first Step; but not dismayed, began to lay about him so busily, that he soon caused himself to be taken Notice of by the chief Servant, for his Courage and Dexterity in doing dirty Work, and wading through thick and thin: So that, when every one had done his Work, the chief Servant took *Badman* a little Way with him up the

the Hill, and placed him on a Bench, calling him a good Servant, and bidding him rest himself there

Now there was a Tree, just by this Bench, which bore a little of the Golden Fruit I have mentioned, and no sooner had the Chief Servant turn'd his Back, but *Badman* fell to pulling all the Pippins within his Reach, and to fling Stones at what he could not reach, till he left hardly one Apple on the Tree ; and greedily devouring all his Maw could bear, he put the rest in his Pockets, which were exceeding deep and wide.

And now having tasted of this delicious Fruit, he longed to get at some Trees higher up the Hill, and which had more Fruit upon them than that he had stripped ; and so doubled his Diligence to please the Chief Servant ; and he used to go frequently of his own Accord into the Slough to do dirty Work for him, which greatly pleased the Chief Servant ; so that he helped *Badman* higher up the Hill, and rested at several Benches, till he had plucked himself large Quantities of Fruit ; and then helped him up higher ; 'till at last he got about the middle of the Hill.

But when he was got here, there happened an unlucky Accident ; for while he was very busy in filling his Pockets with the Golden Pippins that grew within his

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Reach

Reach, being too greedy, for Want of good Caution, his Foot slipped, and he fell down the Hill into a *Den of Lions* which was at the Bottom. But he being reserved for another Doom, the Lions were prevented from hurting him, having happily been put into different Cells, and muzzled some Time before, and their Claws pared.

But while he was among these Cells, I observed, that there came unto him a Woman with a Pair of Scales in one Hand, and a drawn Sword in the other, whose Name was *Justice*. She came up to *Badman*, and, charging him with Pillaging the Trees, and other Crimes, lifted her Hand up, as if she would kill him, *Badman* endeavoured to frighten her, by putting on his Cap of *Affurance*, and insisted upon his Innocence; but he found this would not avail him: He then had Recourse to his Shield of *Craftiness*, and pretended that she was mistaken in her Man: But neither would this do. When, just as she was going to strike, a Fellow-Labourer in the Slough with *Badman*, who thought him an useful Hand, stepped up to her, and she having taken off her Hoodwink, which she usually wore, being no Respector of Persons, that she might strike the surer Blow, blew a great deal of Dust in her Eyes, which blinded her for a Time; and *Badman*,

taking this Opportunity, at the same Time gave her a home Thrust with his Golden Spear; and instantly her Sword dropp'd out of her Hand; and while she was rubbing her Eyes, and deploring her Wound, *Badman*, by another Stroke with his Golden Spear, laid the Keeper quiet, and, seizing the Keys, let himself out of the Den of Lions. He again passed *Vice-Road*, and came once more to the dirty *Slough of Preferment*; to which he had brought all his Family and Relations also; and Cousins, and Cousins Cousins, even to the nineteenth Generation.

Here he found all Hands at Work in the Slough, and, plunging in, began to lay about him as before: Which pleased the Chief Servant so well, that he took him up the Hill again, and never left removing him, till he had brought him with him almost to the Top of the Hill, where he continued some Time devouring Golden Pippins, and replenishing his Pockets; and even tossing down great Quantities, which were picked up by his numerous Relations; who being unused to such delicious Fruit, devoured them with suprising Greediness.

Now it happened, that, some Time after this, there arose a great Quarrel between the People of the Land, but the Governor procured a Box of Pills for them to take; and *Badman* persuaded the People to take the Pills, telling them, they

were good for them; but those who knew their Composition said, they were very bad, and in no wise good for the Constitution of the People. And the Keepers of the People's Golden Pippin Trees would not suffer them to be imposed upon by such Trash; and they told *Badman* and his Friends, that the People *should not* take the Pills; but they said they *would*; upon which there arose a great Skirmish: But *Badman* and his Friends were too strong for the Keepers of the People's Golden Pippins Trees, and they made the People take the Pills; but they lay heavy at their Stomachs, and they could not digest them, and they made them extremely sick; and they cursed *Badman* for making them sick.

By these, and many other Actions, *Badman* became odious to the People of the Land: But it happened once upon a Time, they set up a great Cry, and called to those who were on the Top of the Hill, to throw down the Statue of *Badman*, which had been erected in the Market-place of the City, or to black his Face as a Mark of their Displeasure; but *Badman's* Friends would not let him be thrown down, and they held him up. So *Badman* triumphed over his Enemies, and his Friends shouted for Joy, and made a great Noise; and the People murmured.

So I awoke, and found it was a Dream.

F I N I S.



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